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It's ROGER MELLIE
the man on the telly

FUUUUUUCK!!!

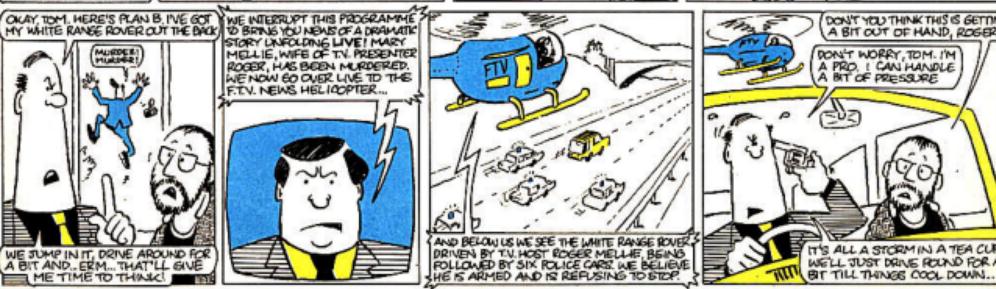
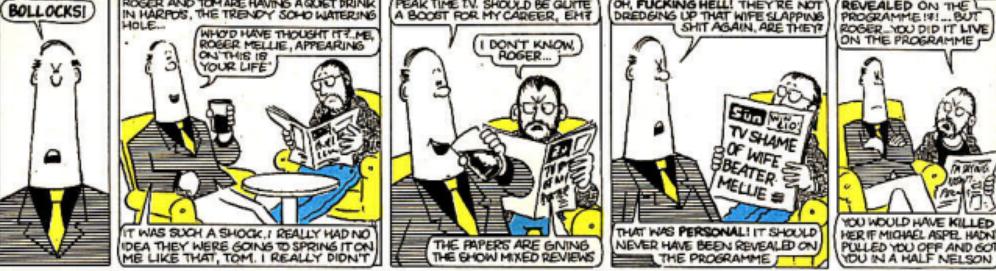
PISSMAS SPEWTACULAR featuring **SID THE SEXIST**
8 ACE MRS BRADY THE OLD LADY SPOILT BASTARD and stuff

Now as funny as it used to be again - but for a limited period only



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ROGER MELLIE - THE MAN ON THE TELLY



Don't miss the trial of R.J.Mellie - LIVE in the next issue!





Contents

Roger Mellie 3

8 Ace 5

Letterbooks 7

Road to Nowhere...
14, 26, 27, 40, 50

Spoilt Bastard 17

Mrs Brady 19

Top Tips 21

Shaven Capers with
Barbara Cartland 22

Sid the Sexist 24

Winston Churchill's
"Milk-train" Strategy
Tree Planner (26)

Luvvie Darling 29

The Critics 30

Competitions 32

Plimp or Scientist? 36

Mr Logic 41

Typhoon of the
Trenches 42

Hobby Horse 45

Modern Parents 46

Ben Turpin in Prime

Suspect 6 48

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Letterbooks

Bum note

□ I doubt whether John Lennon could have sung the immortal line "What-ever gets you through the night, s'alright, s'alright" with much conviction had he just woken to find his partner anally masturbating with his toothbrush in the early hours.

Andrew France
Manchester

□ I played the latest Beatles single "Free As A Bird" to my pet budgetigar, but he failed totally to see the irony of the situation.

A. Faith
West Bromwich

□ My Grandad always warned us against keeping two pencils in the same pocket. "They could rub together while you're running for bus, and set your trousers on fire", he'd say. He passed away some years ago, but it is doubtless thanks to him that I have never kept two pencils in the same pocket, and my trousers have never caught fire while running for a bus.

G. Dog
Kennel, Herts.

That's Wife

□ Desmond Wilcox has received a lot of sympathy after announcing that he is going deaf. Frankly, if I was married to Esther Rantzen and found I could no longer hear her voice, I'd need plastic surgery to get the fucking smile off my face.

G. Fish
Bowl, near Glossop

P.S. And I'd ask the surgeon to sew my eyelids up while he was at it.

□ The name for the condition 'diarrhoea' comes from the Greek for 'freely flowing'. And the name 'constipation' comes from the Latin 'tightly packed together'. I wonder if any readers could tell me what these conditions would have been known as had 'diarrhoea' been taken from the Latin, and 'constipation' from the Greek?

Matt Lancey
Southampton



□ I don't wish to tell Channel Tunnel engineers their job, but a sensible fire precaution would surely be to drill lots of small holes in the roof of the tunnel, and fill them with plastic plugs. Should a fire occur the plastic plugs would melt, and water from the sea would come in the holes creating an automatic 'sprinkler' effect.

R. I. Lung
Dishforth Roundabout

□ In reply to Mark Roberts' letter (issue 80). If we don't use the term "versus" in English law, then what the fuck does the 'V' stand for in "Regina V (insert defendant's name here)" as seen on court lists up and down the country?

Maybe it stands for

voracious southern

wanker who likes dressing up as a soldier at week-

ends?

John Warburton
Crumpsall, Manchester

</p

I was inspired by Jim Loughran's letter (issue 80) to formulate a General Theorem of the visibility of Manchester United supporters in any given week, in areas where large concentrations of them are known to exist (e.g. South London). I discovered that:

$$V = (H \frac{1}{R^2}) \pm 10\%$$

Where V = the number of the little shit seen in any week, H = the depth of hatred felt by opposing supporters in that week (on a scale of 0.5 to 1.0), and R = the result of their last match (opponents score minus Manchester United's score). So, if for example United lost five nil to Newcastle:

$$H = 1.0, R^2 = 25$$

Therefore in the week that followed the visibility of Man United supporters would be 96% lower than usual.

Andrew Warrington
Clapham

* Eh?

□ Hang on a minute. In a recent poll Liverpool - and not Manchester United - were found to have the largest proportion of fans living outside the club's home city. (This is probably because most scousers are never in Liverpool for long, as they're either travelling around selling clothes pegs and tarmac, or they're tucked away in various jails up and down the country.) So that pisses on your

Man. United theory, doesn't it.

Nick (Man. U. fan)
Germany

P.S. I was born in Warrington, so fuck off before you say anything.

* According to our atlas the nearest football league team to you in Warrington would in fact be Liverpool. Then Everton. The third closest is of course Bolton.

□ You accuse Manchester United supporters of travelling long distances to attend their home games. What you forget is that most loyal, die hard Manchester United fans like myself spend Saturday afternoons at home mowing their lawn, and watch their football via the satellite dish on Sunday afternoons.

P.N.
Bournemouth

Theatre of streams... of piss

□ I once had a piss in the players' tunnel at Old Trafford. Honest. Can any of your readers claim to have urinated in a more satisfying location?

M.K. Smith
Shaw, Oldham

□ Never mind the Manchester United bandwagon. What about my mate Hoss? He lives in Stoke, and all of a sudden he supports Watford.

Martin Russell
London N9

□ I once had to use the toilet in a posh hotel in Leeds. To my dismay the bloke in the next cubicle was grunting and releasing the most obnoxious chuffers. Imagine my surprise when the former Archbishop of Canterbury's special envoy Terry Waite emerged, grinning like a wanking Jap. No wonder his captors let him go. He'd have stank their karzee to Hell and back.

Mick 'Max' O'Reilly
Birston, Leeds

□ Not since issue 11 of Viz have I heard anything of that eighties snooker player and ladies man, Tony Knowles. Until a recent visit to Anchorage in Alaska, where I was delighted to find that a coastal path has been named in his honour. A fitting tribute to this memorable sportsman who, as I recall, never won anything.

Nigel W. Poore
Twyford, Berks.



□ Here's an idea for the BBC. How about a new series of Doctor Who. "Doctor Who and the Zero Tolerance Committees". As you can see from this picture of our local group, these feminist monsters would soon have us all hiding behind our settees.

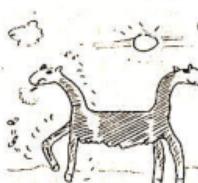
J.D.
Manchester



Alimentary mistake

□ Regarding Doctor Poo-little in the last issue (which, incidentally, was funnier than this one). Not all creatures are able to defecate as freely as the Doctor imagines. Take for instance the two headed llama in his own film, which had a second neck where his arse should be. As you'll see from my enclosed illustration, shitting would be impossible.

Name not supplied
Cannock, Staffs.



□ I once had to use the toilet in a posh hotel in Leeds. To my dismay the bloke in the next cubicle was grunting and releasing the most obnoxious chuffers. Imagine my surprise when the former Archbishop of Canterbury's special envoy Terry Waite emerged, grinning like a wanking Jap. No wonder his captors let him go. He'd have stank their karzee to Hell and back.

□ My son bet me a fiver that this letter won't be printed.

John Hemming
(Ex Ivor Biggun's Red Nose
Burgars)
Southall

Well, shake it up baby now

□ Hypocrites! You complain if McDonalds appear to nick your ideas, then you produce a strip called 'X-Files', the same concept as the strip published in Twist & Shout comics over a year ago.

Rich Johnston
Twist & Shout Comics
Ealing, W5

□ Thieves! If I'm not much mistaken your idea for Christ's face appearing in a pool of sick was stolen from a Freak Brothers strip they did in 1992.

P. Condon
London SE27

□ We never saw that one either. I thought they stopped doing Freak Brothers comics in the seventies. People stopped reading them then, anyway.

□ I notice you were giving away a 'Dream week in sunny California' in a recent issue. Well I've been stuck in the in this crime and crack head ridden piss-hole for 20 years. Any chance of giving away a return ticket back to the UK in the next issue?

Robin De Cradle
Los Angeles



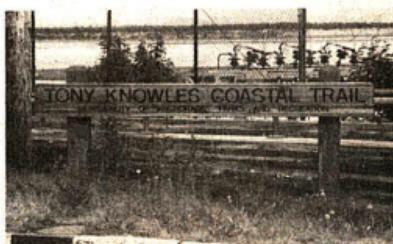
□ Regarding the mystery shooting of Ian Beale in Eastenders. How come he was shot on the Monday, but the ambulance didn't come until the Tuesday? Because the government is underfunding the health service, that's why.

Aidan Brodigan
Stockport

Open question

□ If 'open all hours' convenience stores are indeed open 24 hours a day, 365 days a year, why do they have locks on their doors?

Chad Berschield
The Internet



□ No such thing as a free lunch! Cobblers. I had a very agreeable meal the other day in a cozy, country pub. It was only after leaving, via the toilet window, that it occurred to me I had completely forgotten to pay the bill.

P. Koffendrop
Buckfast

Lowest form of Wittgenstein

□ I write to complain about so-called 'pedants' who write with nit picking points about grammar, berets and sedimentary rock etc. The philosopher Karl Popper said that the only way to be certain of anything is to subject it to scientific testing. Therefore the only way to be 100% certain of anything is to subject it to infinite scientific tests. In practise therefore we can only deal with approximations, some more certain than others. By contrast Wittgenstein offered the idea of 'Bedrock Propositions', those which seem self-evidently true, e.g. the Earth is round, the Catterick Royal Logistic Corps has green berets, Viz isn't as funny as it used to be, etc. These propositions have lasted longest because objections to them that are logically consistent have yet to be found. Even so, they may change in due course. (For example, at one time everyone 'knew' that the Earth was flat.) Such bedrock propositions are merely language games which permeate our Weltbild, or 'world picture', forming an apparently solid structure within which we create our more challengeable, 'fluid' propositions. (e.g. that Man. United are shit). The pedantry on these pages is one such language game, whereby readers spot inconsistencies and write in to Viz seeking to correct them, using dull-as-ditchwater, dry-as-a-biscuit terminology. Paradoxically, whilst complaining about this language game, I am indulging in the very same activity. Could there be a clearer illustration of Wittgenstein's admonition that we should not look for the meaning, but look for the use? I stand corrected, and must pass over the rest in silence.

Someone who doesn't get
our much
London SE27

* Yeah. You're right there.

□ We hear so much about the upset caused by people receiving poison pen letters nowadays. Isn't it about time the Government banned the sale of all poison pens?

F. Tank

Sideboard, Lancs.

□ Carly Simon is on record as saying she will not name the subject of her cutting seventies ballad 'You're So Vain' until after his death. Well, that rules Lesley Crowther out then.

D. Kennel
Arbroath

Dull-as- ditchwater

□ In issue 80 the late Reginald Bosanquet describes Liam Gallagher's central heating boiler as having a 'boost switch' to provide hot water at other than pre-programmed times. As any plumber will tell you, on boilers such as Liam's hot water service is initiated by an internal pressure switch which automatically senses a drop in pressure when a tap is opened. This triggers the changeover valve to switch from central heating to hot water, allowing primary water from the heat exchanger to enter the secondary heat exchanger, i.e. the calorifier, and produce instantaneous hot water.

Please Mr Bosanquet, get your facts right.

Steve Booth
Birmingham Air
Conditioning

□ It's puzzling to understand why these so-called 'unruly' and 'untouchable' children behave as they do when we see their well spoken, articulate, smartly dressed and concerned parents on the television. I struggle to understand how these parents could possibly be responsible for raising such gormless, disorderly, disrespectful, moronic, brain dead losers, who will amount to zero in life if they're lucky, and will contribute nothing of any use to society whatsoever as long as they live.

The Fulbright
Blackheath State

2p or not 2p

□ Poor people shouldn't worry too much if they don't have two pennies to rub together. I tried it the other day, and frankly can't see what all the fuss is about.

S. Hope
Long Eaton

Love is...

□ How about a Viz lonely hearts column? All the other mags have one. I'll start by saying that if Sara Parker is reading this in Germany, I'd swim across a river full of piranhas with rotten meat stapled to my plums just to lick the vomit off her doorstep.

L. Copely-Williams
Great Dunmow

□ We're a bunch of crimboes on remand awaiting sentence in Barlinnie prison. We get no visits, and have no female friends at all. Could any girls aged 18 or over help us through our misery by writing? We're desperate.

T.B., D.C. and C.W.
HMP Barlinnie

□ Me too please.

D.P.,
HMP Barlinnie

* If you want folk to be nice to you, perhaps you shouldn't go around robbing old ladies etc. If you write again and solemnly promise that you won't do any more crimes in future, we'll print your full names and prison addresses in the next issue, and send you a copy of Mayfair.

□ Barlinnie? Sounds like a bloody holiday camp, mate. I'm stuck in a Nepal jail, 2 years into a 5 year stretch, and I get no mail apart from one mate who sends me Viz. I'm totally pissed off. How's about you get me some birds aged 18 to 25 to write to me here? I'm 26, a Chelsea supporter, and I've got an 8 incher. Honest. Not that its much use to me in here. I'd appreciate photos, but nothing saucy as it won't get past the bill.

Stuart Chalmers
c/o British Embassy,
Box 106, Lainchaur,
Kathmandu, Nepal.

* Any drop dead gorgeous birds who have just turned 26, forget it.

□ I'm not a crimbo. And I haven't got a big cock. I just want a female pen friend.

Mark Wakefield
Grimbsy

* Sounds like a pretty straightforward bloke. You can write to Mark at 17 Sinderston Road, Humberside, Grimsby, DN36 4TY. Write and let us know if you get married.



"Shiny kettle, nice and hot, what back issues have we got?" (left)

"Lovely lady in a bra, the back issues remaining are...

39 40 53 54 56 59
60 61 62 63 64 65
66 67 70 72 73 76
77 78 80

Phooar!! Aladdin, played by our principle bra and pants-omime girl, is a babe who'd give any fellas wood! She's warming up the kettle to make a '46 Double D' cup of tea! I'll have two lumps please! Those big one's at the front! Phew!! With parts like that this young actress would give any Jack a beanstalk, and turn fellas heads... again... Dick Whittington... Or something like that. Oh yes she would! Anyway, if you want to buy any back issues circle the numbers above, then fill in the form and send it off, together with your money.

Overseas orders please pay in sterling with a cheque drawn on a UK bank. And overseas customers please add 20% of whatever total you've arrived at so far. So, for example, if it's a tanner you simply add 50p. No, wait a minute. That's not right...

Tick, delete, speak clearly after the tone etc.

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Big tits

□ My mate's sister has got the biggest tits I've ever seen.

James Shaw
Barnsley

□ As a female stripper I'm sick and tired of all the childish chants you blokes come up with while I'm performing, like "Show us your minge". I'm a girly, but I was still able to come up with 100 alternative names for a fanny. The list is enclosed. So come on fellas. Next time you gawp at me, think of something original to say.

Miss JJ
Wimbledon

P.S. Print this and I'll send you a nudey picture of myself.

* Unfortunately there is only room to include one of Miss JJ's vaginal euphemisms here: 'Lab kebab'. The full list of over 100 is available to those of you acquainted with 'Netting the Intersurf'. They can all be found on the Viz 'web sight' which in turn can be found on the 'Inter Net', part of this super Information Highway or 'I.T.' Simply tune in your computer and 'click' your 'mouse' onto Sweary Mary's Swearing Dictionary. The address to click your mice to is: www.viz.co.uk

□ I'll tell you what those Spice Girls are really after. A right good shagging, that's what. Especially the ginger one who got them out in The Sun. What do other readers think?

Bob D.
Greenock

*

Great news. Send us a bit

of the cake.

C. Cassin
Newbury, Berks.

□ On the subject of rude buses (issue 80), I spotted this vulgar example in Switzerland. And we think our bus drivers are disconcerting?

Geoff Hawkins
Brighton

□ I'm travelling east-bound on the M25 just approaching the South Mimms roundabout. I want the Cockfosters exit, but overhanging foliage is obscuring the the signs. Can any of your readers tell me, is it the first, second or third exit? I'm in a blue H reg Nova. Give me a honk if you can be of any assistance.

Greg Bell
M25, South Mimms roundabout

P.S. Print this and I'll send you a nudey picture of myself.

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Dead ringer

□ Never mind Jimmy Hill in the Fat Slags strip. I spotted serial killing mum of ten Rose West in Luvvie Darling (issue 80). I claim my prize.

P. C.
London



* Right. There's three famous faces hidden in this issue. A box of Vesta Chow Mein to the first reader who spots them all.



□ Following on from all that shit about berets in issue 80. Who cares whether you wear a blue, green or red beret? In the Coldstream Guards we wear khaki berets, our boss is the Queen, and we're all as hard as fuck. Beat that.

7 Company, Coldstream Guards
London, Ireland, Germany or anywhere else they need blokes with tattoos.

□ Watching that plank Jimmy Nail's Crocodile Boots, or whatever its called, brought to mind a band I used to watch in the early seventies at Cheltenham Town Hall. They were Geordies, and they went by the name of "Fat Grapple". They sang a song called "Don't Mess With Moose", which was about the "Geordie Mafia" as I recall. Was "Moose" a real character? And what became of Fat Grapple? Can any of your readers help?

Pete Reynolds
Gloucester

* There's a crisp tenner for the first person who can tell us where Fat Grapple are, and a fiver for Fat Grapple is they tell us who Moose was.

□ Have any other readers noticed the remarkable resemblance between the recently returned Viz cartoon character Paul Whicker the tall vicar, and Aston Villa's footballing import Sasa Cacic? I wonder if they are perhaps both thin, with pointy tufts of hair and big noses?

Phil Rainey

Kings Heath, Birmingham



□ Whatever happened to horny Carol Dekker out of T'Pau?

Steve Brunt
Sittingbourne, Kent



* Come on, Carol Dekker out of T'Pau. Whatever happened to you? There's £10 for the first letter we receive from Carol Dekker out of T'Pau.

□ If by any chance Mr Ian Peggs, Senior Superintendent of Police, Traffic New Territories North, Royal Hong Kong Police Force happens to be reading this, the bus lane is meant for buses, not fat wankers on police motorbikes.

A member of the public Hong Kong

□ Mustard gas is no substitute for the real thing, especially in ham sandwiches.

A. K. Walsall



CHRISTMAS CARNIVAL of CUNTS *

Concluding our celebrity cunt hunt. Here's your final nominations, followed by your chance to vote for the winner.

Smartie arsed wanker



□ In 1985 ginger media wanker Chris Evans asked me to fetch him back a truck load of blue Smarties from his holidays in France. He didn't even thank me for my trouble, never mind pay me. Now that he's Britain's richest cunt, isn't it about time he coughed up?

Helen Hughes
Manchester M2

□ I said "Good gig" to Damon Albarn out of teenybop band Blur after a gig at the Manchester Academy in 1994 and he just sneered at me.

Tony Liverpool

Abra-cunt-dabra

□ I was walking along the sea front at Great Yarmouth in 1977 with my family when slap skulled TV magician Paul Daniels came flying out of a public toilet and knocked me flat on my arse. Rather than stopping to apologise he simply sprinted off down the promenade. Now that's what I call a cunt.

Paul Tyler
Canvey Island

□ While working as a Blue Coat at a holiday camp I invited comedian Frank Carson to take a second bow in front of the audience as his act had gone down so well. Afterwards he chastised me for having done so, because he was in a hurry to get away. Mardy miserable fat sweaty cunt.

Craig Giddens
The Internet

□ That Tommy Cannon opened a fair near us once, and even though he was getting paid he stood throughout the entire day with a face like a kicked in fridge door. The sour faced bastard.

Andy Reynolds
Selby, North Yorks.

* This is a cunts competition, Andy. Bastards - sour faced or otherwise - don't qualify.



□ In the early seventies I was almost knocked out of my pram by Stephen Hancock, who played Ernest Bishop in Coronation Street, after he'd carelessly flung open his car door as my mother was pushing me down the street. Needless to say no apology was forthcoming. How I chuckled a few years later when he was shot dead after interrupting a robbery at Baldwin's factory. It served the callous cunt right.

Adam Chamberlain
Stratford-upon-Avon
(Where Shakespeare comes from)

Pen Loan Ranger



□ I asked Rangers and England heavyweight Paul Gascoigne for an autograph when his team were training at a local park. He didn't give me my pen back, and when I asked him for it as he boarded his coach he said "Bog off, I'm in a rush". Pic eating Geordie cunt.

Scott Carruthers
Troon, Ayrshire



□ In 1983 I was walking out of Victoria station when I spotted sixties chirpy cockney character Jo Brown, of guitar strumming and children's road safety fame. I gave him a friendly nod, and he acknowledged this with a smile and a nod of his own. All was well and good between us until July of last year when I was working in a motorway service station on the M42. One night who should walk in but my old mate Jo. He stayed for 15 minutes, during which time the miserable fucker pretended not to recognise me. I had the last laugh though, because his bird was definitely giving me the eye when she asked where the toilets were.

M. Barber,
Newcastle-under-Lyme

□ A few years ago I was working as an Inter City buffet steward when the actor Bryan Murray, (alias Trevor Jordache in Brookside) boarded the train and ordered some champagne. When I brought the bottle to his seat he decided it wasn't cold enough and barked at me to return it to the fridge to chill for longer. When I returned with the bottle an hour later the pompous cunt said loudly "Forget it, it's too late. I'm due in the studio in an hour".

A. McGardie-Preston

* Drinking British Rail champagne makes him a flashy, gullible ponce, not a cunt. And by the sound of it you're one of those drunken, red-faced Scottish buffet stewards who always demand the right change then close the bar and spend the last two hours of every journey counting up the money. Perhaps YOU are the cunt in this case.

Continued overleaf...

Hello there!

Hi, I'm just getting ready for my Christmas Party. Mum says I should wear some something sensible, but I want to be a bit daring this year. What do YOU think? Why not scribble a note to me on the back of your cheque when you subscribe to Viz. I personally handle all the subscriptions. A year (6 issues) costs £9.00 (or £12.50 overseas). Two years (12 issues) is £18.00 (£24.80 overseas). Just fill in the form below and post it to me. Have you noticed my mistake yet? I drew it myself - just in case you happened to read this page. I'm glad you did. I'll be thinking of you at the party. Do write soon.

Happy Christmas
Sally

* We regret that Sally cannot enter into correspondence.

FREE VIZ T SHIRT!

Every new subscriber will receive a FREE large or extra large Viz T shirt chosen at random from our heap of unsold T shirts. (Unfortunately Ravey Dasy T shirts are not included.) Don't delay, subscribe today. You can order a subscription as a gift for someone else by using both sections of the form. And if you'd like to receive more than one copy of each issue (at the same address) each extra copy costs £6 per year (£7 overseas).

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Please send me a subscription starting issue..... to be sent to:

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Hi! I'm an old mutton

afraid I'm still

Hi, I'm Sheila the sheep's mum. I've been around a bit, and consequently I'm a lot harder to catch than Sheila. There's a FREE back issue for every Australian subscriber (2 if you subscribe for 2 years), 6 issues cost \$27, or 12 for \$54. Write to Sheila's mum, 9 Palm Avenue, Br bile Island, QLD 4507, Australia. Please make cheques payable to 'Fortean Times'.



Please tick here if you would like a large amount of gold to be delivered to your house by naked, palpitating women, who then force their lithe, pertly breasted young bodies upon you. (And you want us to flag your address to mail order companies left, right and centre.)

A WORD FROM YOUR LOCAL NEWSAGENT

Hoho again. The shop's looking much tidier now. We've had a refit, new carpets, and I decided to move the fridge nearer the door, and put the sweets and crisps in racks on the wall. The papers are on a low shelf now instead of cluttering the counter. I'm sure trade will pick up as a result. Oh, did you know we're taking in dry cleaning now? Good idea eh? Hang on, here comes a customer. "Milk? No, sorry. We've sold out." Tsch! Really. Expecting me to have milk at this time of day? Who's he kidding.

I guess that's why they call him a cunt

□ I parked my van on a meter in Kensington one day and Elton John pulls up in his Bentley and tells me to move it so that he can park there. Cheeky shite bonkers rug headed cunt.

M. Warren
Crowthorne, Berks.

□ Last Christmas that piss, pie faced Simon fucking Mayo swanned into our local church with his badly behaved little brats ten minutes late for Midnight Mass. I reckon his late arrival was a carefully planned stunt to attract maximum attention for this ten bob media cunt.

Kades.
Burton Joyce, Notts.

□ My wife complimented Dina Carroll on her voice in a pub in Cambridge. "Oh per-lease!" she replied in a phoney American accent, looking at my missus like she was a pile of shit. Well, if Dina's reading this, my missus isn't a pile of shit. You are.

John,
Sheffield

* This is a high class celebrity cunt competition John, not a cheap and nasty mud slinging contest.

Tarquin Scott
Preston

* Tarquin is an architect, readers. And he reckons Dennis Taylor's niece is a cunt?

Tarquin Scott
Preston

Famous Sports Commentators Wanking on their Girlfriend's Tits No.87 John Motson

WELL, YOU HAVE TO GO RIGHT BACK TO AUGUST 1982 TO FIND THE LAST TIME I ATTEMPTED TO MASTURBATE IN QUITE THIS POSITION!

HEH HEH!
THAT WAS
OVER A PAIR OF
36 DOUBLE 'D'
BREASTS, AS
I RECALL

I LASTED 3 MINUTES 18 SECONDS ON THAT OCCASION - A PERSONAL RECORD. BUT... HEH! WITH LESS THAN 2 MINUTES ON THE CLOCK HERE TODAY, I'M AFRAID THE VINEGAR STROKES ARE ALREADY UPON US...

□ In your last issue Simon Bradbury accused Ian Astbury (out of The Cult) of being a cult, or something like that. Ian Astbury is not a cunt. He is a cool, hard bastard who was arrested in Canada for fighting with bouncers who were throwing out fans at a Cult gig. Your correspondent Mr Bradbury is clearly a shandy drinking southern sausage jockey, and that is no doubt why Ian Astbury refused to shake his hand.

S. Turner
St Anns, Nottingham

* Your hero Mr Astbury sets a fine example to fans of his pop group by fighting during a concert. If the security men were indeed beating up fans and throwing them out, it was no doubt for their own safety. Security men have a difficult enough job to do without drunken, drug crazed pop stars assaulting them during a performance.

□ Can I nominate a celebrity's relative as a cunt? Dennis Taylor's niece, Tracey, never gave me back a cassette I loaned her two years ago and now I've lost touch with her. It's a shame she nicked my tape, cos she's "fuck-me" gorgeous and a terrific barmaid too.

Tarquin Scott
Preston

* Tarquin is an architect, readers. And he reckons Dennis Taylor's niece is a cunt?



□ Moneybags former 60's pop star Adam Faith approached my wife as she was trying on an expensive dress at Libertys in London.

"It suits you", he said with a smile. Fuck off Faith, you cunt! I have enough trouble trying to kerb my wife's spending without you sticking your million-aire nose into matters.

M.R.
Peckham

□ I went to help cure Opportunity Knocks winner Berni Flint push start his Fiat 126 car during a rain storm in Great Yarmouth, but he suddenly sped off, soaking me with water from a huge puddle at the roadside.

R. Morris
Ratlinghope, Shrops.

□ Safari park owning bribe allegation denying comedy goalkeeper Bruce Grobelaar is a cunt for calling my mate a cunt after he went up to him in a bar in Singapore and asked to shake his hand.

"Who was that cunt?" the Zimbabwean cunt asked the bloke he was with.

Largo Matt
Broadway

He is not a number. He is a cunt.

□ At the 1996 cult TV convention dedicated to 60's TV series The Prisoner, actor and guest speaker Alexis Kanner waved off an excited fan who'd requested his autograph by turning his back on him and saying "Try again tomorrow". The ginger haired cunt.

Tee
Brondesbury Park
London

* The man is clearly a cunt, Tee. But you and your wacky square eyed chums are even bigger cunts for having paid to see him.

□ I bought my mum and dad tickets to go and see a Cliff Richard concert, and afterwards mum and I managed to sneak inside the stage door. We were alone in the corridor when suddenly the Peter Pan of Pop himself walked past.

"I enjoyed the show very much Cliff", said my mum, an O.A.P.

"Hmm", said Sir Cliff as he walked past, without even turning his head.

"I've been a fan of yours for a long time", added mum, hopefully.

"Hmm", Sir Cliff said again, before exiting out of a door.

He couldn't even be arsed to smile or turn his head. Looking back, I regret not having kicked his arsehole. Or should that be arseholes?

Jenni Thompson
Farnham, Surrey

* Be fair, Jenni. Cliff may have been tired after giving a performance. Doubtless he was distracted at the time. He may be a Christian, but we cannot expect him to behave like a saint all the time. Especially when there's no cameras around.

□ I hope I'm not too late to nominate Johnny Morris as a celebrity cunt. Not the lovable unfounded Nazi spy allegation Animal Magic voice dubbing TV zoo keeping Johnny Morris, but the poncey actor Johnny Morris out of Bread who's never on telly any more. He nearly ran myself and some friends over. As we were crossing a quiet road when suddenly he appeared round the corner driving far too fast in a sporty car. Rather than stopping to apologise, he sped off after giving us a two fingered salute.

A. Lambert
Chichester



□ No, not that one. The other one.

A. Lambert
Chichester

Do ya think I'm cunty?



□ About six years ago I saw that tartan twat "He's foot-ball crazy" Stewart and his blonde tart shopping at Safeways in Henley. I'm a big fan of his grating voice and ugly features, so I politely asked him to sign my till receipt.

"I don't sign scraps of paper" he said. Croaky cunt.

Mark Griffiths
Nomura International
London

You see that cunt? That's YOU that is

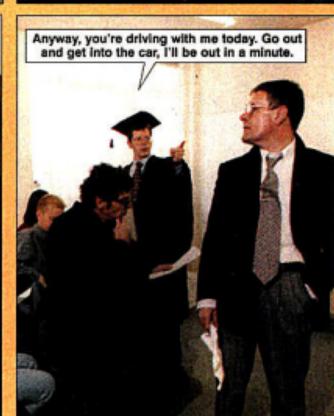
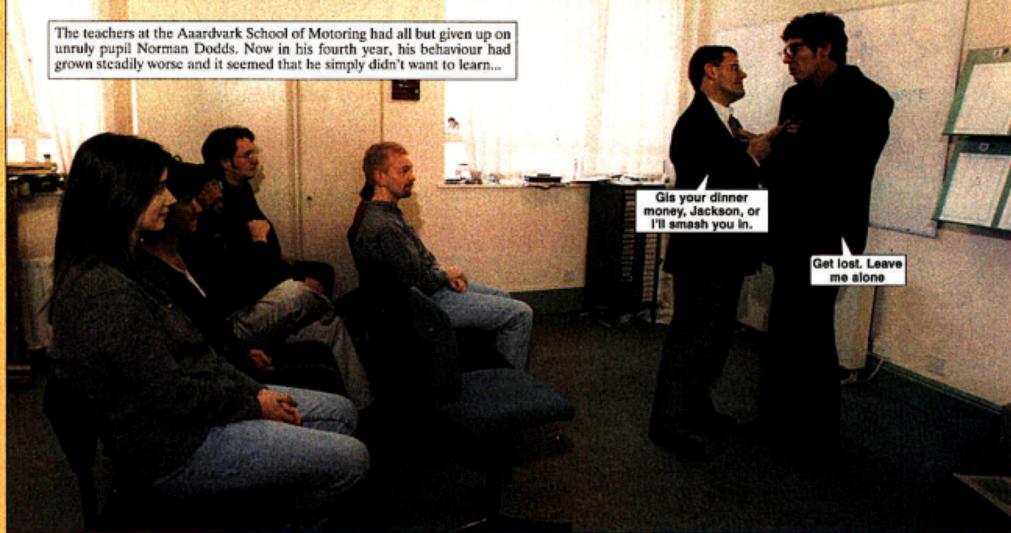
□ I was working as a waiter in a hotel in Norwich (as opposed to a cocktail bar) when so-called comedian Rob Newman, who'd played a gig in town the night before, came down for breakfast. He was too late for a full English breakfast but I went out of my way to get him a bowl of scrambled egg. While I was preparing this the rotten bastard stole the mushrooms and bacon from my own breakfast plate which was keeping warm on a heated sideboard in the dining room. This breakfast was the only perk I got from my shitty paid job, and something that kept me going from 5.30am when I started until late morning when lazy, thieving, long hairs like Newman crawled out of bed and muster themselves 'together man' with numerous pots of tea and coffee that frankly I wish I'd pissed in. In fact, if he's reading this, I did piss in it. And the chaff whacked off in your scrambled eggs too.

Miss S.E.Hall
Jesmond, Newcastle

Cunts conclude
on page 20...

Road to nowhere....

The teachers at the Aardvark School of Motoring had all but given up on unruly pupil Norman Dodds. Now in his fourth year, his behaviour had grown steadily worse and it seemed that he simply didn't want to learn...



Outside...

AAARDVARK
SCHOOL OF MOTRING

Where are your driving
gloves, Dodds? Have
you forgotten them?

No...erm... the dog
ate them, sir. Snigger!

AAARDVARK
SCHOOL OF MOTRING

L

TONK!

AAAAAARGH!

Bah! You'll serve
a detention for
that, Dodds.

Aw, sir. It's not
fair. You're always
picking on me.

Stop whinging, and
get ready to drive.

Shortly...

Slow down, lad.
And straighten up.

Stop grinding the
gears, you wouldn't
do that at home,
would you?

The lights are
green, Dodds...

...Green lights,
Dodds...

DODDS! Pay
attention, boy...

Eventually...

Well, Dodds. That was dreadful.
You showed no courtesy to other
road users and I don't think you
used your mirrors once.

AAARDVARK
SCHOOL OF MOTRING

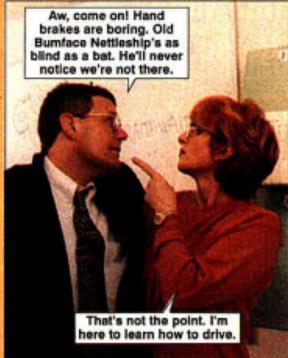
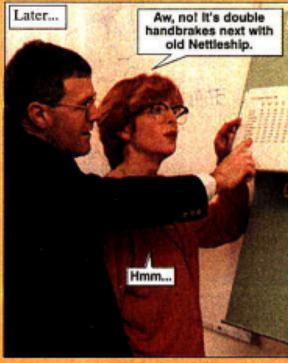
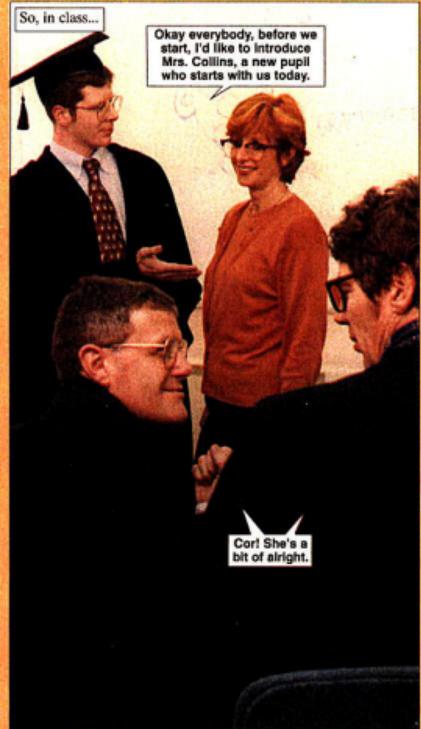
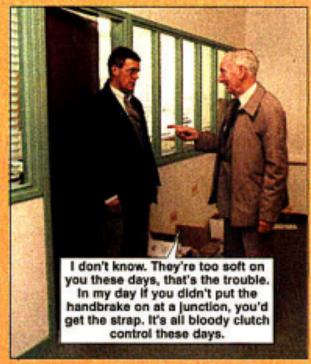
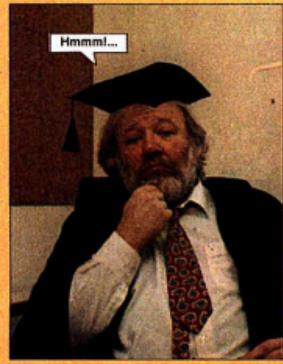
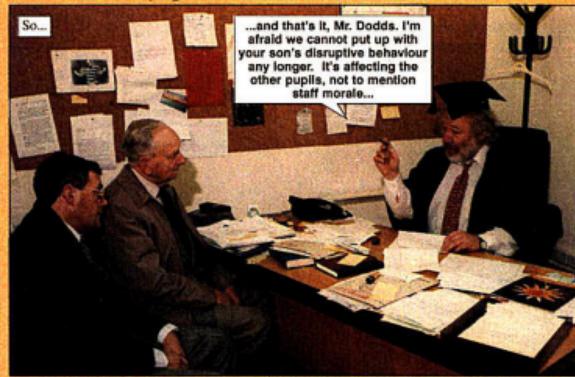
...and spit that
chewing gum out.

It's not my fault.
We haven't done
mirrors yet.

We have, but you
were playing truant.

Dad! What a
you doing he

The head of the Motoring
School sent for me, son.
He wants to see us both.



Later...

Hiya. Can I carry your highway code home for you, Mrs. Collins?

Alright then. Thanks.

Where were you during double parking?

I was playing football with my mates down the rec.

Listen, do you fancy coming to the pictures tonight?

No thanks, Mr. Dodds. We've got to hand in our essay on emergency stops tomorrow, remember?

Oh, I'll just copy swoty Jackson's in the morning

That's CHEATING!

So what? Essays are boring. What's the point?

The only person you're cheating is yourself. And your bad behaviour only spoils it for other people who want to learn. The sooner you're expelled the better for everyone.

It's easy for you to say that. You're clever at driving...

...and I'm thick. I'm thick at driving...

No you're not.

...yes I am. I've never told anyone this before but...

... I can't... I can't... read the road...

... I never learned, you see. That's why I feel the need to disrupt the class.

Well that's nothing to be ashamed of. You can learn. Come round to my house. We can study together. I'll teach you.

Do you mean it? Do you really really mean it?

Yes!

Over the next few weeks...

I see...so which ever way I'm going, I have to drive on the left?

Yes! Yes, you've got it!

Mirror...manoeuvre...signal!

Not Not try again.

Mirror...signal...manoeuvre!

Yes! We'll make a driver of you yet.

Erm, caution, low bridge... erm, men at work... contra flow... cycle path... erm, urban clearance... no stopping for vehicles 9 am. to 6 pm. weekends included.

Well done.

Eventually...

MRS. COLLINS,
I PASSED! I PASSED!

Well done Mr. Dodds.
I knew you had it in you.

Thank you!

Don't thank me. I didn't do anything.
You only had to have the confidence to
believe in your own inner potentials.
I just brought it out of you...

...and if that offer still stands,
I'd love to come to the
pictures with you tonight.

It does! I'll pick you up at
8 o'clock... in MY car!

TONK!

AAAAARGH!

Get to the headmaster's
office! Immediately!

What did you do
that for, sonny?

Come with me, lad. I want
to tell you a little story...

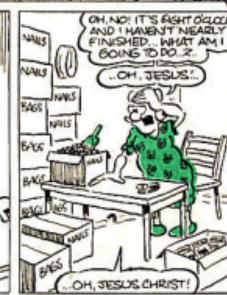
Driving's boring.
What's the point?

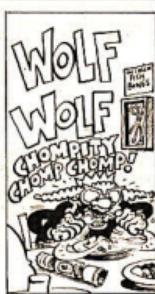
The End

SPOILT BASTARD'S CHRISTMAS CAROL



FUCK YOU, BITCH WOMAN. I CAN'T GO ROUND AND PLAY ON HIS BIKE. I NEVER LEARNED TO RIDE A BIKE, DID I, BECAUSE I'VE NEVER HAD ONE. I'LL HAVE TO GO OUT SHOPLIFTING, MUGGING OLD LADIES AND SNIFFING GLUE INSTEAD...





Hover Mower

When I was 19 I was working as a barmaid in a pub in London. One night a rather ancient looking Patrick Mower was hovering about and asked me out for dinner. He was so desperate he even wrote me a poem. I agreed to meet him after work, then didn't turn up. The squashy nosed, stood up old cunt.

Michelle Smith
Ashbourne, Derbyshire

P.S. I've still got the poem.

Many years ago I met Jimi Hendrix Experience bassist Noel Redding in a pub in London. He was a real gent, and bought me several beers. Unfortunately, due to his crushed velvet 'loons' and floral 'kipper' tie, he looked an absolute cunt.

Mr Bocker Gibbs
Burton-on-Trent

I wish to nominate myself as a celebrity cunt. Some time ago I asked this boot ugly barmaid in London called Michelle out for dinner, just to win a bet. But I bottled out and never showed up either. Just as well. She was a real hound, I can tell you.

Patrick Mower
London



I wish to nominate purple mooshed Mr Misery and Man. United manager Alex Ferguson as the Celebrity Cunt of 1996. I heard that Newcastle General Hospital had been promised the autographed match ball from the recent Newcastle versus Man. United game. It was to be auctioned to raise funds for a local cancer appeal. However, after their five-nil 'blipping' his squad marched straight onto the team coach like a bunch of truculent school girls - needless to say without signing the ball.

John McKenna
Blaydon

P.S. I'm not biased.

* We don't believe that for a minute, John. From what we've heard, Alex Ferguson works hard for charity, and is a very warm, generous, human being. And so is his solicitor.



British Telecunt

I saw BT funny man and part-time drunkard Rory McGrath in the Grafton Centre in Cambridge and he didn't do or say anything funny. 'Phoneey' cunt.

C. E. Maddison
Cambridge



Rodney Bewes is a cunt. He trod on my son's lollipop outside Boots in York in 1990.

Julia Reed (nee Kneale)
York

I nominate rum swigging, bullshit talking Buster Merryfield (Uncle Albert out of Only Fools and Horses) as a celebrity cunt. He used to live across the road from where I worked, and he never once raised so much as an eyelid to acknowledge me when I said hello. To top it off, he used to be a bank manager for Nat West. I reckon that's an open and shut cunt case.

S.B.
London SE26

Bollocks to Angela Hannah (issue 80) sticking up for Paul Weller. He definitely IS a cunt. He got up on stage at an Ocean Colour Scene gig recently, and stared at my girlfriend's tits. Then he smiled and winked at her.

Laurence Rickard
Trentham, Stoke-on-Trent

My dad served tearful Jokers Wild drink/drive remorse outburst comedians Ted Ray in Ryman's of London in 1955, and apparently he was both 'mean' and 'obnoxious'. That's a cunt to you and me.

E. Browne
Dagenham

I think the bloke out of The Fugees who keeps saying "one time" is a cunt. That's all.

D. Hart
Newark

The Final Cuntdown...

We want YOU to choose the winning cunt by voting for your first, second and third choice using the form below. You can vote for anyone nominated in this issue, or from previous issues (see following list). If you're a bit of a sad cunt yourself you can vote by E mail, at the following address:

web@johnbrown.co.uk

Don't post your form to that address. It's just for computers. The winning Celebrity Cunt will be named in the next issue, and will be presented with a certificate, and a cheque for £15.

CUNT RECAP...

DJ Terry Wogan (acted the cunt), comic Ken Dodd (left, small tip), actor Lewis Collins (pouted in pub), actress Emma Wray (no particular reason), guitarist Gary Moore (arrogant cunt), Carry On actor Kenneth Williams (treated tailor like shit), Three Degree Shells Ferguson (acted the cunt while eating steak and chips), slapstick comic Michael Crawford (got bloke sacked), actor Peter Bowles (flicked ash on blokes trainers), floozy Paula Yates (left litter), TV host Derek Griffiths (put big fence up), comic Bobby Davro (nicked some blokes Queen LP), Councillor Guy Seiner (mouth off about hippies), wrestler Giant Haystacks (looked miserable), Pop star Elton John (took a huff), pop group Status Quo (wouldn't let support band in dressing room), racing driver Nigel Mansell (wore fancy overalls in airport lounge), pop singer Cheryl Baker (got strip), fat bearded bloke Willie Rushton (ignored small child), actress Gail Tilsley (refused unwanted autograph), singer Lulu (screwed at fan), Lloyds name and roofing felt salesmen Henry Cooper (screwed at fan), multi faceted celebrity Lionel Blair (nicked bloke's wife's taxi), actor John Thaw (screwed at fan), fat actor Robbie Coltrane (tore up fanzines), short ass jockey Willie Carson (ran over bloke's foot), short ass comic Ronnie Corbett (had bloke's checked out of golf club), bird fan Billie Oddie (screwed at fan and attempted to kick their arse), fashion guru Jeff Banks (was rude to student), lanky ginger top Mick Hucknall (frowned at bird's hairy armpits), stumpy comic Charlie Drake (left small tip), actor David Jason (burped deliberately), pop star Alan McCluskey (sarcastic and did silly dance), TV host Noel Edmunds (had elephant shot), TV host Keith Chegwin (was abrupt with fan), TV host John Leslie (shagged Catherine Zeta-Jones, the jammy cunt), Ian Astbury out of The Cult (declined to shake fan's hand), actor/director writer singer-songwriter producer sound man lighting engineer make up artist and Welsh nationalist Jimmy Nail (got out of bed), TV guru Janet Street-Porter (refused autograph), pop star David Bowie (nicked twenty Marborough), footballer John Radford (screwed at fan), pop star Bob Geldof (had sheep in garden), good old fashioned entertainer Danny La Rue (screwed at postman), Gladiator Carlton Healey (doesn't ring mates any more), actor Mike Reid (gave traffic cops the wanker sign), guitarist Pete Townsend (screwed at fan), hand puppet Basil Brush (ignored young heckler during pantomime), singer Peter Skellern (turned nose up at sandwich), comic Jim Davidson (threatened garage cashier), TV host Chris Searle (screwed at garage cashier), Pete Willis (out of Def Leppard (got shiny with garage cashier), TV host Richard Madeley (bought classical CDs and definitely didn't steal anything), football manager Brian Clough (screwed at fan), punk Joe Strummer (screwed at fan), actor Richard O'Sullivan (bowed up in golf club), rugby star Dean Richards (was bulky at school), actress Kathy Bates (threatened to have fans chucked out of club), actress Kate Beckinsale (asked bloke for car back). You may also choose from the current nominations in this issue.

Celebrity Cunt Voting Form

Well, by the sound of it the following celebrities are proper cunts, and no mistake.

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____

Signed Date

Cut out this form (or copy it) and send it to:
Viz Celebrity Anthony Blunt Competition,
P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle on Tyne, NE99 1PT

FILL UP with brussel sprouts at lunchtime on Christmas Day, then go carol singing in the afternoon. Try and contain your obnoxious farts until the pause immediately after "five gold rings" for maximum comic effect.

Run Rig
Loch Lomond

POUR a handful of tiny ball bearings into your socks each morning to make them easier to remove come the evening.

Paul Atkin
Ipswich

AT £300 a Psiion personal organiser makes the ideal Christmas gift for someone who wants to know whether its batteries are running out yet.

P. A.
Suffolk

ELIMINATE irritating shadows next time you go outside by shining a powerful torch at them.

P. A.
Ipswich

LARD ARSES. Enjoy a healthier fried breakfast by sprinkling washing powder with fat digesters onto it instead of salt.

N. Opee
Kew

PET shop owners. When planning your shop layout, position slow moving animals like tortoises near the exits to give them a better chance of escape in the event of a fire.

S. R.
Grimsby

PLASTIC UHT cream and milk cartons from service stations make ideal 'Quaker hats' for Action Men.

M. E. Phillips
Burton-upon-Trent

RICE pudding eaters. Take a tip from pond owners. Place a ping pong ball on top of your pudding. When a skin forms, simply remove the ball leaving a neat hole through which to eat the pudding.

J.T.

Imblingham

FATTIES. Put a banana in each side of your mouth then look in a mirror. Elephant features.

A. Bottlebank (green only)

Asda Carpark

JACK Charlton. Give your brother Bobby a Shredded Wheat for Christmas. Cut in half and glued to his baldy scalp it will resemble an attractive head of hair with a neat centre parting.

Martin Emmerson
Hartlepool



AVOID paying over the odds for hardback books. Simply buy the paperback version, immerse it in water, then pop it into the freezer for 3 hours.

A.S.
Edinburgh

MILLIONAIRE motor mouthed ginger tops with faces like a yak's arse. Ridicule the fat and ugly on TV to distract viewers from your own aesthetic shortcomings.

Richard Luck
Selly Oak, Birmingham

TOP TIP

Weigh in your words of wisdom. We pay £10 CASH plus a unique, 'Top Tips' pen. ('Unique' in that we only had 1,000 made.) Write to Top Tips, Viz, P.O. Box 1P7, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT.

AIR HOSTESSES. Make pulling your trolley easier by asking aisle passengers to dip their elbows in a saucer of lubricating oil before take off.

John Kean
Docklands

FARMERS. Treat your sheep to a Marks and Spencers party dip this year. Cucumber and yoghurt, blue cheese, or perhaps even oriental herbs and spices flavour. They'll make a lovely change from sheep dip, and have the advantage of containing no organo phosphates.

U. D.
Marsworth, Bucks.

TAKE your own cheese slice to McDonalds. Pop it into a hamburger and hey presto! A cheeseburger. This money saving tip was brought to you by Tim Wilkes.

T. Wilkes
Groundhurst, Kent

WRITE down the price of everything you buy so that in years to come you can annoy your grandchildren with greater accuracy.

M. Traintu
Georgia

BREAST feeding mothers. Pop a fresh tea bag into each bra cup. They'll absorb any excess milk, avoiding embarrassing stains. Later you can drop them into a cup of boiling water to make sweet, ready milked tea.

Urinal Dockrat
Marsworth, Bucks.

A HEDGEHOG trained to scuttle up and down the table from guest to guest makes an unusual mobile cheese and pineapple cube nibble dispenser at cocktail parties.

L. Traintu
Clarkesville



EVADE hose pipe bans by painting your garden hose pink and threading it up your trouser leg and out of your flies.

S. D. T.
Hexham

GARDENERS. As the winter draws in, remove the fingers from old woollen gloves to make handy frost covers for your carrots.

J. Tait
Thropton

CAN'T afford a colour telly? Simply smear your black and white telly screen with Grecian 2000. Hey presto! Your picture will gradually turn to colour. Possibly.

Martin Harwood
Marketing Director
Grecian 2000 (UK) Ltd,
Bradford

CARRY on looking for lost items for a few moments after you have found them. That way they will not "always be in the last place you look".

Luke Tucker
Hayes, Middlesex

COAT exterior doors with strawberry jam. It has an attractive textured, glossy effect, but its principal advantage over traditional wood finishes is that it traps flies, which can then be swatted at your convenience.

R. R.
Nottingham

COVERT trainers to temporary football boots by melting the base of Rolos and gently sticking them to the sole.

Eric Twilly
Reading

FOR an extra long Christmas kiss swap your girlfriend's Lipsyl for a Prittstick.

Mr Bond
Eyepresume

ORANGE peel makes an ideal substitute for dried apricot, and tastes pretty much the same.

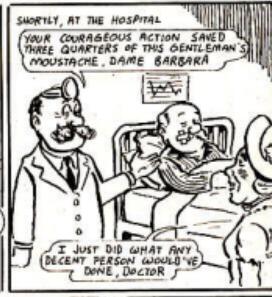
J. T.
Northumberland

BORED housewives. Make your hubby look like James Bond by looking at him through an old toilet roll tube.

John Tait
Thropton

JEAN PIERRE and his pet croissant

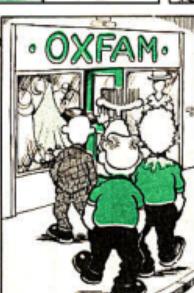
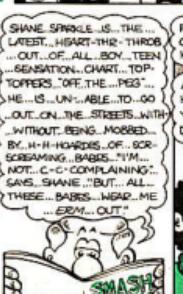




BARBARA CARTLAND HARLED THE BOTTLE AT THE FLEEING VILLAINS WITH ALL HER MIGHT



the S E X P A



"We will hang them on the branches"

Its 'D' for Decoration Day with

"MILA-TREE" CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS

the late Winston Churchill's

STRATEGY OPERATIONS PLANNER



DECORATING your Christmas tree is a nightmare that nobody looks forward to. A badly planned and executed campaign can have disastrous results. Your best decorations can end up crowded at the top of the tree, leaving the lower branches bare and dangerously exposed. Hours can be wasted wrapping fairy lights around the tree only to find insufficient flex remains to reach the socket. And in the absence of a tactical overview, precious decorations can be squandered on areas which are out of sight and therefore of no strategic importance.

This year you can decorate your tree with military precision thanks to Winston Churchill's "Mila-tree" Strategy Christmas Decorations Operations Planner. Why expose yourself to risk clambering about on chairs precariously trying to drape tinsel across your tree, when you could be calmly coordinating a successful campaign of decoration from the safety of this decoration nerve centre. The Milatree Planner enables you to oversee the planning and execution of your tree decorations while your family or friends do the dirty work at the Christmas tree front. And a unique system of field communications means you can keep your tree plans a secret from prying neighbours.


"If my husband were alive today I'm sure he would use the 'Mila-tree' Strategy Christmas Decorations Operations Planner"
Mrs Winston Churchill

INSTRUCTIONS

Set up an Operations Headquarters in your shed, attic or basement, a safe distance from your Christmas tree. Cut out the Christmas Tree Chart and place it in the centre of a large table.

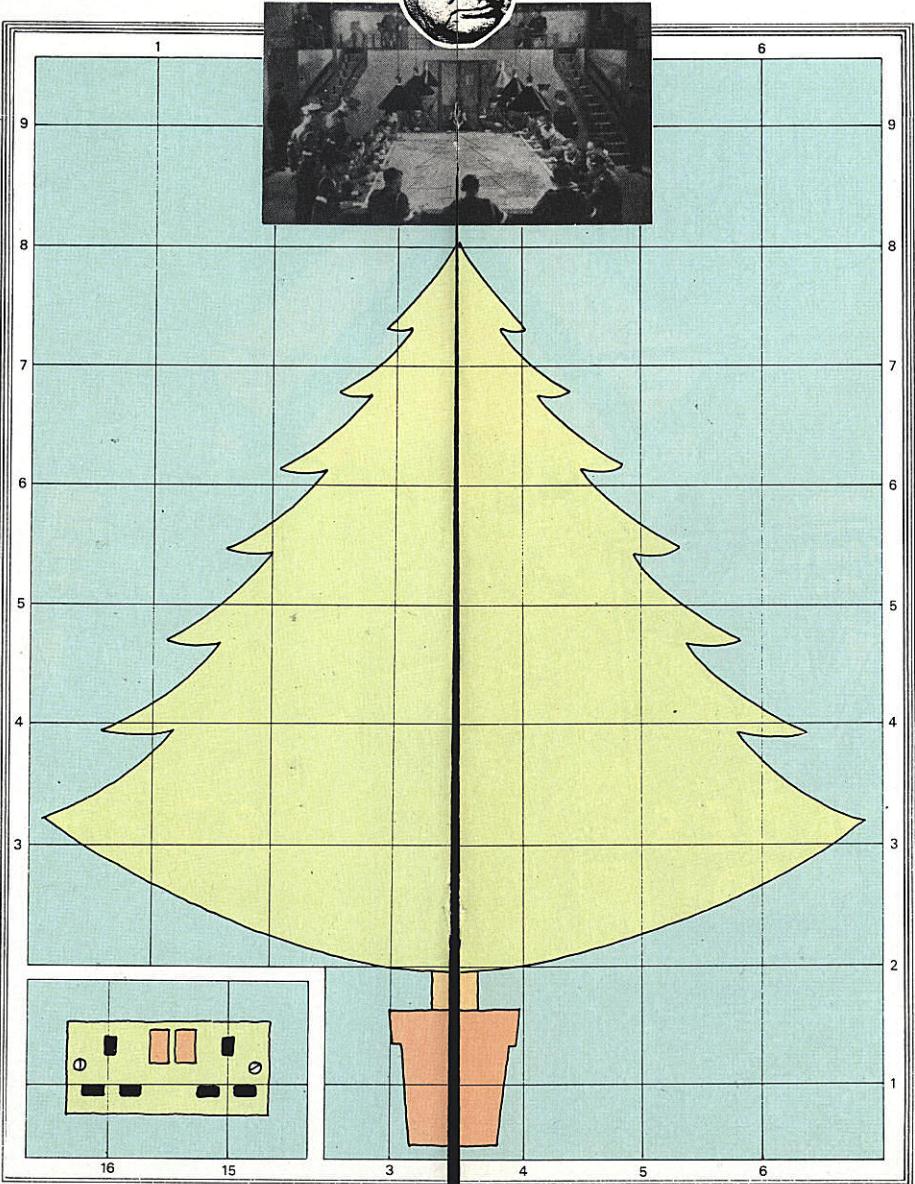
MARKERS

Use confectionery as markers to indicate the strategic positions of your decorations on the tree. Baubles can be represented by Smarties or Fruit Pastilles, and fairy lights by Fruit Polos threaded on a length of string. For tinsel you can use wet spaghetti. Stick a triangle of Toblerone chocolate onto the end of a straw (see fig. 1). Use this to push your markers around the Christmas tree chart, plotting changes in the positions of decorations. The chart is divided into a grid. Relay decoration positions to your operators at the tree front using a system of grid co-ordinates.



COMMUNICATIONS

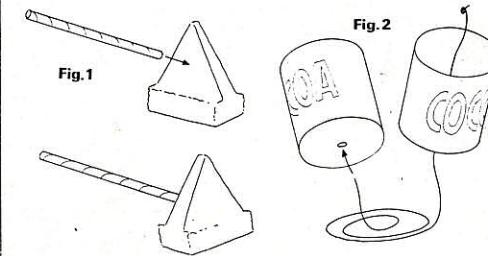
These instructions to the tree front can be sent safely using a simple field telephone system consisting of two empty Cocoa tins joined by a long length of string. (See fig. 2)



TREEFARE TIPS

Here are a few tips to help you lead a victorious offensive against your tree.

1. Establish your fairy light positions first. They form a solid bridgehead, and moving them about later once hanging novelties are in position could lead to bauble casualties.
2. When hanging fairy lights a white 'tracer' bulb at the top of the tree will light up lower branches when decorating at night.
3. Never reveal more than one decoration co-ordinate at a time to your operators. The less information they have, the less they can reveal should they inadvertently speak to your neighbours.
4. Your operators should store decorations in a safe place away from the tree. They should carry breakable decorations (e.g. glass baubles) to the tree one at a time, in case they fall and drop them.
5. Decorate your tree at an unusual time of the day. The element of surprise will help to confuse and disorientate your neighbour. If he became aware of your plans he could copy your decoration positions and scupper your entire campaign.



MORSE CODE

Relay messages on your field telephone using this simple code of long and short "Beeeps" in case your neighbour is listening in.

A - Bip beeeep B - Beeeep bip bip bip C - Beeeep bip beeeep bip D - Beeeep bip bip E - Bip F - Bip bip beeeep bip G - Beeeep beeeeep bip H - Bip bip bip bip, I - Bip bip J - Bip beeeep beeeep etc.

TOP OF THE BOTS!

Sexy secrets of sizzling

TV stunner Sam's arse

IT'S no coincidence that sexy Samantha Janus's name rhymes with anus. For that's exactly what the sizzling telly stunner has got.

At the bottom of her back Sam boasts two buttocks. And those, together with the hole in between, are her arse. And its an arse which is rapidly becoming Sam's prized asset. For as well as turning the fellas' heads, Sam's raunchy rear doubles as a cute cushion for her to sit on.

PILLOW

"My arse is soft - just like a pillow. So when I sit on it, my bones don't hurt", the stunning TV sexpot told us yesterday. But fellas hoping to inspect Sam's sumptuous behind at close quarters should beware. For it has a third, slightly less saucy, function. After Sam has ate something, shit comes out of it.

SMALL

Sam's ca-rear took off after she was chosen to represent Britain in the Eurovision Song Contest. Sadly she didn't *winnit*, but it wasn't long after that her shapely turd hopper began to catch the eye and TV roles quickly followed.

CARELESS

Wherever Sam goes her bum - which is pink and made out of skin - is never far behind. Even when she's filming her hit TV comedy series 'Pie In The Sky'. But the last thing the TV temptress wants is a pie in her pants. So she regularly visits the toilet to empty her bowel. And to avoid being nominated for the Eurovision *Pong* Contest, stunner Sam makes sure her shute is well wiped before she leaves the ladies.

RECKLESS

"Fellas can't get enough of my ring", sexpot Sam revealed after her arse was voted Britain's Best Butt by readers of *Swelling Bollocks* maga-

zine. Indeed, her panty peach is so popular she permanently keeps it under wraps. Trousers, knickers and skirts make up an impressive arsenal of protective clothing, keeping the star's bot hot in winter, and well away from prying eyes.

PLASTIC

Sam's Italian boyfriend, former stripper Mauro Manero, is probably her arse's number one fan. "But even he gives my jackie a wide birth when

I've got one in the bomb bay", says the bubbly beauty who once appeared in a TV ad for fish fingers.

JILTED

Having a plum bum means that sexy Sam is spoilt for choice when it comes to farting. For the petite songstress can fart out of either of two holes - her arse or her chuff.

*Nice arse, eh fellas?
Stunning Sam's
raunchy rear view.*



Bot's it all about?

LIKE so many of the stars, Sam shrouds her arse in secrecy. But we decided to get to the bottom of it by revealing ten things you never knew about her beautiful bumhole.

1. Sam's arse muscle - the sphincter - works the opposite way round to a tube of toothpaste. Unlike most muscles which contract only when in use, Sam's sphincter permanently pulls - or contracts - in order to keep her bum shut. When she feels the turtle's head, Sam moves her bowel by deliberately relaxing the muscle whilst sitting on the toilet.

2. Sam's bum helps keep her trousers up by being wider than her waist, which is directly above it.

4. Just like teeth, arses can fall out too. A 'full rectal prolapse' is what doctors would call it if Sam's arse literally fell out!

5. Piles are Sam's arse's worst enemy. They are what it's called when blood vessels up the bum get big and fat and start to look like David Pleat's haircut.

Nowadays doctors can remove them in seconds using red hot metal scissors.

9. Sam's bumcheeks - the two sides of her arse - go up and down alternately when she is walking. This undulation takes place in a vertical plane, and is symmetrically inverted along the axis of her bum crack. Scientists call this aesthetically appealing phemonemm...mmmmmm... a "wiggle".

10. Sam's arse is one of nature's miniature perfume factories. Natural odours are emitted from Sam's bot, despite her best efforts to prevent them. Many of these smells are so slight that the human nose cannot detect them. But if Sam were to walk around a council estate with no pants on, on a very hot day, packs of dogs would probably chase her, and frantically sniff her arse.

Your views on SAM'S ANUS

WE took to the streets to ask some of Britain's fellas what they thought about Samantha's sizzling bumhole.

BRICKLAYER Kevin Cresswell suggested that Sam's bottom would be much easier to wipe than his own. He, 34, said "I've got a great big fat arse, and it can be a nightmare cleaning up after a few beers and a curry. I'd imagine Sam's is much easier to look after than my own".



QUANTITY SURVEYOR Ian Hall, 42, admits he is puzzled by the workings of Sam's sphincter. The dad of two, from Malton, North Yorks, said "If Sam has to constantly contract her sphincter muscle in order to keep her stools at bay, as it says elsewhere on this page, then how come she doesn't shit herself every time she goes to sleep?"



ZOOLOGIST Trevor Gregory, 18, who works at a zoo in Salford, Manchester, said that if Sam was a monkey, and was modelling for page three of a monkey tabloid, she would have to bare her bottom, not her breasts.



"Men monkeys don't go much on tits. They prefer ogling the lady monkeys' backsides. So did humans, when we were monkeys, many years ago. Nowadays we've stood up, and turned into people. We like tits most of all. But monkeys still prefer arses."

No doubt there's a few cheeky monkeys out there reading this who wouldn't mind getting their hands on Sam's arse! Or perhaps sticking a banana up it.

Wahay! It's the Bigg One!

SID the Sexist is celebrating the launch of his very own book. And four lucky readers will be joining him for a memorable neet oot on the hoy.

The Joy of Sexism is a boozy bonanza brimful of political incorrectness, the ideal gift for the man who likes his supper on the table when he gets home of a night time. It's crammed with brand new cartoons, photo stories and features; why not sit back, put your feet up, and read it while the missus looks after the kids and fetches you a can of beer. She can go out and buy you a copy from all good book and record shops, priced a mere £6.99. So it won't make a big dent in her house keeping.

TOOTY

We're giving away 50 copies, plus a special prize for one lucky winner - a tooty oogling night out for four in Newcastle's Bigg Market. We'll pay your train fare, buy your booze, put you up in the posh Bessie Surtees hotel for two nights, and even throw in a free curry at the award winning Rupali Restaurant in Newcastle's Bigg Market booze and birds theme park. It'll be a weekend to remember, although you probably won't.

So come on lads (and lasses). Show us how chauvinistic you can be by answering these 25 birds, booze and bonking questions:

1. Who recorded the politically incorrect pop ditty '(I believe) A Woman's Place Is In The Home'?
(a) Patrick Cargill

2. Which pop star's glamorous marriage to a leggy Brazilian beauty ended when he fell between two buses, sexuality wise, and decided to be a puff again?
(a) Freddie Mercury
(b) Elton John
(c) David Bowie

3. Flash bang wallop! Stars love cars. But the following fellas have all had their expensive motors wrecked. Two got friends to do it for them. Which one managed to crash all by himself, on his way home from the car showroom?
(a) Tiffey twat Jay Kay out of Jamiroquai

(b) Quiet nowadays Luke out of Bros
(c) Footballer Neil 'DisposableRazor' Ruddock

4. Page three stunner Jo Anne Guest, 34-24-34, hails from Chesterfield. Which of the following has she NOT appeared in a pop video with?
(a) Jarvis Cocker
(b) Blur
(c) Mr Blobby



5. Which footballer did 24 year old Jo, who's a Pisces, once go out with?
(a) Ian Dowie
(b) Peter Beardsley
(c) Phil Babb

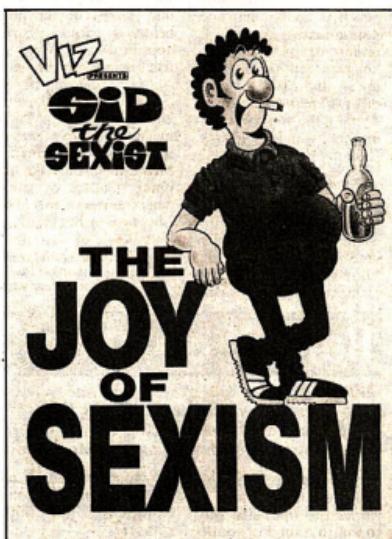
6. What, according to the Sunday Sport, is Jo's favourite sex position?
(a) Doggies
(b) Sixty-nine
(c) Ninety-nine, with hundreds and thousands on it

7. Fellow page three stunner Eve Vorley drives a bright blue Golf GTI. But what in her life does Eve love most of all?
(a) Her boyfriend
(b) Her cats
(c) Her boyfriend, her cats and the countryside

8. What does fellow page three stunner Lisa Bangert, who drives a red Golf GTI, hate most of all?
(a) Grumpy people
(b) Road rage
(c) Grumpy people and road rage

9. Which pop star did gorgeous page three stunner Curvy Kathy Lloyd once go out with?
(a) Edwin Collins out of Orange Juice

Win a night oot on the Toon with Sid the Sexist

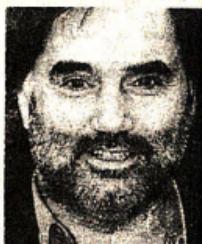


plus fifty copies of Sid's new book

(b) Jason Orange out of Take That
(c) Max Jaffa out of Scarborough Winter Gardens

10. Which of the following page three stunners has got the biggest tits?
(a) Suzanne Mizzi
(b) Lisa Bangert
(c) Maria Whittaker

11. Between them George Best and Peter Stringfellow have shagged over 10,000 page three girls. But American porn star John Holmes holds the world record for shagging women. How many birds did he shag?
(a) 45,000
(b) 450,000
(c) 4,500,000



12. Which succinct phrase did both George Best and Oliver Reid use on their celebrated live, boozy, shambolic TV appearances on Wogan and After Dark respectively?
(a) 'Fuck me, I'm pissed'
(b) 'I like screwing'
(c) 'Big tits'

13. Who was the big titted bird who famously ran topless across the pitch during an England versus Australia rugby game in 1982?

(a) Erika Roe
(b) Chesty Morgan
(c) Victoria Wood

14. Self confessed wankaholic confessional Ross named his daughter after an obscure large breasted seventies movie star? What was her name?



(a) Pandora Peaks
(b) Hattie Jacques
(c) Kitten Natividad

15. Which celebrity bent nose said that for him, wanking has always been a bit of an art form?

(a) Geordie boozier turned ponce Jimmy Nail
(b) Former Man United captain Steve Bruce
(c) No sex no bottle comic Stephen Fry



(b) Richard O'Sullivan
(c) Gilbert O'Sullivan

PRIZE BONANZA!!!

16. Which celebrity big ears told Q magazine that he likes a wank every day at 11am?

- (a) Prince Charles
- (b) Martin Clunes
- (c) Jimmy Nail

17. Which red hot bird did Michael Caine have uncensored live one-to-one telephone sex with in the movie Get Carter?

- (a) Raquel Welch
- (b) Britt Ekland



(c) Thora Hird

18. Which actress performed a sizzling girl-on-girl lesbian love scene in the sixties film 'The Killing of Sister George'?

- (a) Susan George and Judy Geeson
- (b) Glenda Jackson and Vanessa Redgrave
- (c) Julie Christie and Beryl Reid

19. Which former member of the Warmington-on-Sea home guard shagged a police woman in the film Confessions Of A Pop Performer?

- (a) Private Pike
- (b) Sponge



(c) Mr Godfrey

20. In which film was Captain Mainwaring present when a chocolate sandwich* took place?

- (a) Adventures of a Plumber's Mate
- (b) Oh Lucky Man
- (c) Car Wash

21. In which film did man mountain Marlon Brando get a bird to stick her finger up his jacksie, and also did something rude with a pound of butter?

- (a) Last Tango In Paris
- (b) Paris Texas
- (c) Clockwork Orange

22. Which pop group were arrested for pissing on a garage forecourt, but when the police arrived at their house they found a naked bird with a Marathon bat up her arse. Or something like that.

- (a) Blur
- (b) Take That
- (c) The Rolling Stones

23. Which news reader made the news himself when he romped with tied up lesbians live on TV while Sue Lawley watched?

- (a) Richard Baker
- (b) Nicholas Witchell
- (c) Trevor McDonald

24. What have the following blokes all got in common? Damon Albarn out of Blur, lardy bucktooth David Mellor and former Likely Lad Rodney Bewes?



- (a) They all go rowing as a hobby and have triplets
- (b) They all support Chelsea
- (c) They're all going out with some nobby architect's daughter and sing in comic 'mockney' accents

25. Which unfortunate Blue Peter presenter, whilst admiring the famous door handles from Durham Cathedral, uttered the immortal and unintentional double entendre "What a lovely pair... or knockers".

- (a) Crap Scotch footballer John Leslie
- (b) Dopey Derbyshire bumbkin Simon Groome
- (c) Booze happy danger man John Noakes

26. It's every stars' dream to run their own boozers. But many become boozier losers when their boozers go bust. Only one of the following celebrity landlords is still serving. Which one?

- (a) Big chopped bandy legged seventies soccer star Malcolm MacDonald
- (b) Pig's head wielding punk Mensi out of the Angelic Upstarts
- (c) Dopey looking sod Benny out of Crossroads

27. Which gallon a day MP has received hospital treatment after drinking too much?

- (a) Tory Sir Nicholas Scott
- (b) Labour's Dennis Healey
- (c) Loony lefty Tony Benn

28. What boozy connection do wingnut headed 'Men Behaving Badly' star Martin Clunes, jingoistic light entertainment bigot Jim Davidson and hurricane bats up TV weather man Michael Fish all have in common?

- (a) They have all had real ales named after them
- (b) They are all heirs to the Guinness brewery fortune
- (c) They have all drunk driven

29. Which of the following fat Geordie comedians has NOT been in the papers recently for beating up his wife?

- (a) £130 a bottle wine quaffing soccer superstar Paul Gascoigne
- (b) Roy 'How dare you swear in front of my wife' Chubby Brown
- (c) Jimmy Nail

30. Finally, which adulterous star shat on his missus by having a fling with Chris de Burgh's nanny?

- (a) Paul Ross
- (b) Eamon Holmes
- (c) Chris de Burgh

Answers on a postcard to the usual address, to arrive by the 12th of January. The first correct entry out of the hat can look forward to painting the Toon broon - quite possibly with diarrhoea the morning after. The next 50 highest scorers will each be sent a copy of the Sid book.

- * For a definition of the term chocolate sandwich consult Sweary Mary's Swearing Dictionary on the Viz web site: www.viz.co.uk

Besta luck!

(You'll need it if you win one of these)



MEAL-IN-A-BOX merchants VESTA have just launched a stomach curdling new range of fossil fresh foreign cuisine. A kind of 'Cardboardbox Noodles', you just add water, and stand well back.

These delicious, nutritional, bottom watering meals are ideal for anyone who isn't too fussy about what they eat. They come with the Vesta 'Good Food Guaranteed', and can be cooked in a conventional oven or microwave. There's Beef Curry, Chicken Curry, Chow Mein, Beef Risotto, Chicken Tikka, Chicken Supreme, Vegetable Curry, Mexican Chilli and Paella all to choose from. Single portion packs are priced around 95p, or if you can find a friend whose prepared to share one, a generous serving pack costs around £1.55.

Test your knowledge of foreign food and associated interesting information by answering these flavoursome questions. There's a Vesta meal (water not included) for the first 10 correct entries out of our hat.

1. Sensible Italians avoid standing too close to the precarious leaning tower of Pisa. And they'd probably keep a similar distance from Vesta's Beef Risotto. The tower weighs 14,453 tonnes. That's the equivalent of how many generous serving packs of Vesta Beef Risotto?

- (a) 200,243 (b) 2,577,803 (c) 83,543,352

2. The famous Mexican ruins of Chichen Itza date back to 432 AD. If appearances are anything to go by the ingredients of Vesta's Mexican Chilli could be equally ancient. This delicious meal takes just 15 minutes to cook. Working non-stop, how many meals could you have cooked, stirring occasionally, in the years since Chichen Itza was built?

- (a) 54,802,560 (b) 282,771,096 (c) 2,437

3. Shiva is one of the three ancient Hindu God's. It is said that he bravely swallowed poison from the serpent Vasuki in order to save the world. Whether he'd have been prepared to swallow a Vesta Vegetable Curry is another question. But supposing he picked a packet up in the supermarket with each of his hands - to examine the ingredients - how many packs would he be holding?

- (a) Two (b) Four (c) Six

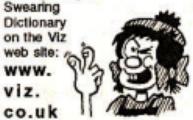
4. Chicken Supreme is as French as the Eiffel Tower. And the Vesta variety is about as edible. Which famous Frenchman designed the Eiffel tower?

- (a) Charles Aznavour (b) Eric Cantona (c) Alexandre Gustave Eiffel

Send your answers on a post card to the address below. Then cross your fingers and hope you don't win. Otherwise a tasty Vesta meal will be popping through your letter box before you have time to get out the back door.

HOW TO ENTER

Answers on a post card (or opened out fag packet to: Viz, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE99 1PT. Remember to include your own name and address. Sorry, it looks like there isn't no room for last issue's winners, so we'll print them next time.

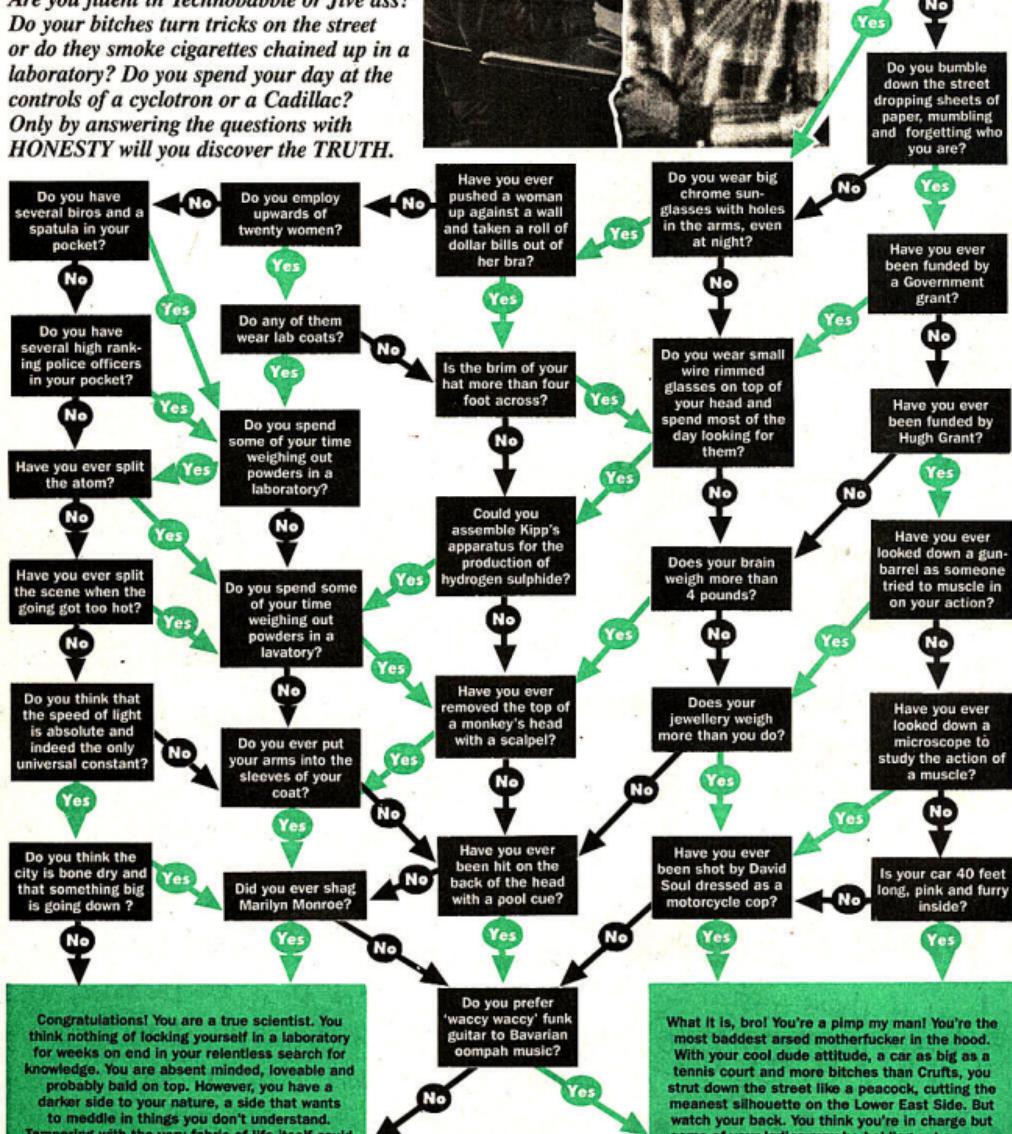


Are you a PIMP or a SCIENTIST?

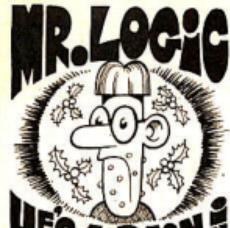
THE LINE THAT CANNOT LIE



Do you swank down the street like one of the Wooden Tops, acknowledging petty criminals in your wake?



Congratulations! You are a true scientist. You think nothing of locking yourself in a laboratory for weeks on end in your relentless search for knowledge. You are absent minded, loveable and probably bald on top. However, you have a darker side to your nature, a side that wants to meddle in things you don't understand. Tampering with the very fabric of life itself could be your downfall... so beware.



FRUGEROLLA, AUGUST 14th 1975...

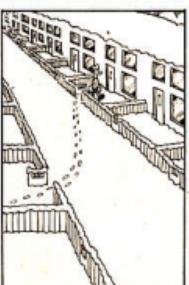
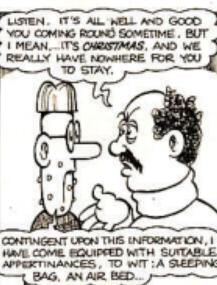


BIRMINGHAM, DECEMBER 24th 1976 ...



HELLO. CAN I HELP YOU?

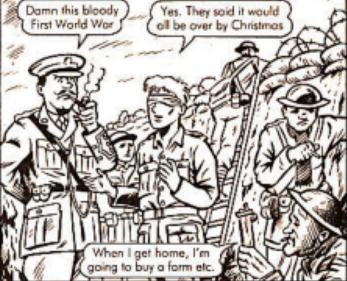
PURSUANT YOUR KIND OFFER OF AUGUST 14th, 1975.



TYphoon of the TRENCHES

TRITONS

Tommy's regiment, The King's Own Cannon Fodders had been pinned down by the Germans in a muddy trench in France for three years. Blinded by shellshock, Tommy fought on regardless.



Gilted centre forward Tommy Typhoon had given up his dream of playing professional football for Accrington Accademicals when he answered the call to serve King and Country in the great war of 1914.

For everyone, the highlight of the war was the annual England v. Germany soccer match that took place each Christmas Eve. For 90 minutes each year, sworn enemies would bury their differences and battle it out on the football pitch.

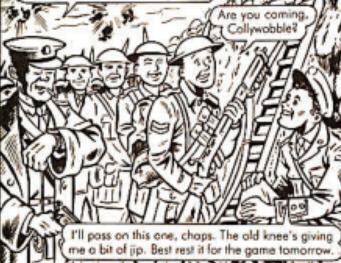


Rotten luck Tommy. Stan Collywobbles's an automatic choice at number nine. Maybe next year, eh?



Captain Stan Collywobbles was unpopular amongst his colleagues, for in all his three years in the trenches, he had never once gone over the top.

Right everyone. We're going over the top. On your marks... get set...



Collywobbles was caught like a rat in a trap as the crackshot Kraut emptied his payload into the trench below.

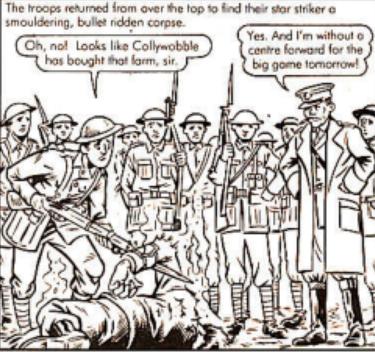
Hol Zis is like shootink ein rat in ein trap!

Aieeeeehhh!!



The troops returned from over the top to find their star striker a smouldering, bullet ridden corpse.

Oh, no! Looks like Collywobbles has bought that farm, sir.



Yes. And I'm without a centre forward for the big game tomorrow!



I'll take his place sir!

I admire your spunk, Typhoon. But with no eyes, you'll get little change out of the German back four.



I don't care, sir. My boots are my eyes. I can see with my feet. Eyes no eyes... I can do it!

And so it was that on Christmas Eve, 1917, Tommy Typhoon was given his big chance. A siren heralded the beginning of the festive cease fire, and shortly afterwards the teams took to the field.



But the game began badly for Tommy...



Damn. I knew the boy Typhoon would struggle.

Don't worry, boss. It's early doors.

Conditions were not conducive to open, attractive football and both teams struggled to string fluid attacking moves together.



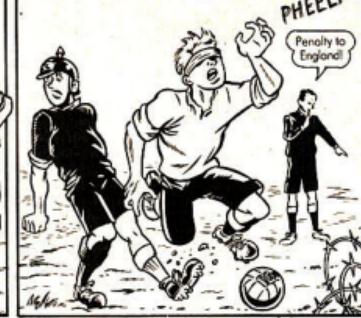
It was a day for the long ball, with both teams playing the percentage game.



But with mud up to three feet deep in places, attempts on goal were few and far between.



After a disappointing ninety minutes the game remained goal-less, when suddenly...



England were one spot kick away from the greatest football victory in the history of World War One. It would take a brave man indeed to step forward and take this, the most important penalty kick in history.

Come on then, lads. We need a volunteer



In the absence of volunteers, Tommy bravely stepped forward to take the kick himself...



...but as he ran towards the spot, the luckless Tommy stood on a land mine.



When the dust settled...

'It's your crucible ligament, Tommy. It's gone completely. You'll be out for six to eight weeks.'

'Someone else will have to take the penalty.'



One by one Tommy's team mates shunned the challenge.

No, Tommy had started to take the penalty, so only he can finish it.

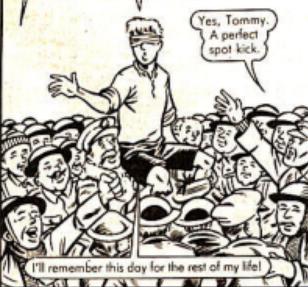


All eyes were on Tommy as once again he prepared to take the kick.



Hooray! Hooray for Tommy!

Did I score? Did it go in.



Of the winning England eleven, only Tommy Typhoon survived to tell the tale. For under strict military law his ten team mates who had shirked the responsibility of taking the vital spot kick were quite rightly - court martialled for cowardice in the face of the enemy. They were shot on Boxing Day 1917, and buried in an unmarked grave.



Blind, and with only one leg, Tommy Typhoon was sent home to spend the rest of the war in the care of his family. Sadly he was arrested at Dover by military police and shot as a deserter due to an administrative hiccups.

To this day his grave, in the shadow of Accrington Accademics football ground, is a shrine for fans of football and World War One alike.



PHEEPP!

Penalty to England!

HOBBY HORSE

DUE TO A CLERICAL ERROR AT THE SPERM BANK, YOUNG NOBBY DOBBES HAS BEEN BORN WITH THE HEAD OF A HORSE.

IT'S THE SCHOOL DISCO TONIGHT READERS, AND I'M SO LOOKING FORWARD TO IT. IT'LL BE GREAT FUN.



I'M GOING TO ASK CLARE GILLIAMS FOR A DANCE, BECAUSE I FANCY HER. SHE'S GOT A REALLY PRETTY SMILE.

BUT SORRY NOBBY, BUT I CAN'T ALLOW YOU INTO THE DISCO WITH THAT FREAKISH HORSE'S FACE OF YOURS. YOU WOULD SIMPLY SPOIL THE OTHER KIDS' ENJOYMENT.



DISCO
YOU SEE, EVERYONE IS REPULSED BY YOUR HORSE-LIKE APPEARANCE. NOBODY LIKES YOU, AND THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT.

IF I WERE YOU SON, I'D JUST REGRET 'WIFIE' TO A LIFE OF LITTER SOLITUDE, AND NEVER EVER HAVING ANY FRIENDS...



EVER.

CRIMINY! A LIFE WITHOUT EVER HAVING ANY FRIENDS...



HOW ON EARTH AM I GOING TO SPEND ALL THESE ENDLESS DAYS ON MY OWN, WITH NOONE TO TALK TO?

I KNOW...



I'LL FIND MYSELF A HOBBY INSTEAD.

STAMP-COLLECTING SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD LAUGH. I'LL GIVE IT A TRY. LET'S HAVE GOES...



POST OFFICE SERVICES
ONE FIRST CLASS STAMP PLEASE.

THAT'S TWENTY SIX PENCE.

SUCCESS! WHAT A MAGNIFICENT START TO MY COLLECTION.



POST OFFICE
HELLO, I'M A STAMP COLLECTOR. ISN'T THAT TWENTYSIXPENNY ORANGE?

YES!

SNATCH!



RIP SHRED TEAR

THERE, BY DESTROYING YOUR STAMP I'VE INCREASED THE RARITY VALUE OF MY OWN COLLECTION.



THANKS LAD, YOU'VE JUST MADE ME CONSIDERABLY RICHER.

PERHAPS GARDENING WILL BE A MORE REWARDING HOBBY. WHO KNOWS? I COULD BECOME THE NEXT RALPH TITCHMARSH.



EXCEPT WITHOUT BEING QUITE SUCH A TIGHT, HOPEFULLY

ONE DEER LATER HOW DO YOU LIKE THE MINIATURE JAPANESE 'BANSU' TREE WHAT I'VE GROWN?



IT WAS NEIGH PROBLEM FOR SOMEONE WITH MY HORSE-SENSE.

EXCUSE ME, I'M FROM THE MINISTRY OF TRANSPORT.



WE'VE JUST DECIDED TO BUILD A ROAD OVER THE TOP OF YOUR TREE.



WHUMP!

THERE, THAT SHOULD EASE A BIT OF TRAFFIC CONGESTION.



I'VE DECIDED TO BE AN AUTOGRAPH HUNTER INSTEAD.



NOW I JUST NEED TO FIND SOMEONE FAMOUS WHOM I CAN BECOME PARANOIDLY OBSESSED WITH.

AH, THERE'S MRS TIMMS FROM THE CORNER SHOP.



SHE'S A LEADING LIGHT IN THE LOCAL AMATEUR DRAMATIC SOCIETY.

YES NOBBY, WHAT CAN I GET YOU?



I'D LIKE A SIGNED GLOSSY PHOTO OF YOU PLEASE, MRS TIMMS.



I'M GOING TO BIN IT IN MY GARDEN WALL. THEN I'M GOING TO HUNT YOU DOWN AND KILL YOU.

TOH. TYPICAL. IT'S WE, THE FANS, WHO MAKE THEM INTO STARS - AND HOW DO THEY REPAY US?



WITH A CLIP ROUND THE EAR, THAT'S HOW!

LATER
I'M GOING TO TEACH MYSELF HOW TO MAKE BALLOON ANIMALS.



WHOOPS!



POW

MY BALLOON BURST.

CRASH



THE NOISE MADE BY YOUR BALLOON POPPING HAS CAUSED MY PASSENGER JET TO FALL TO PIECES, AND PLUMMET TO THE GROUND.



WELL YOU CAN BLUMMING WELL JUST STICK THAT AEROPANE BACK AGAIN.

AT LAST I'VE FOUND THE PERFECT HOBBY, READING. THIS REAL-LIFE GIANT SIZE 'AIRFIX MODEL KIT' WILL KEEP ME OCCUPIED FOR AGES.



NOW, WHICH WAY UP DO THE WINGS GO AGAIN, MR PILOT?

The MODERN PARENTS



I'M LAUGHING BECAUSE OF ALL THE MONEY I'M MAKING OUT OF WESTERN CAPITALISM'S ANNUAL FESTIVAL OF GREED, CASHMAS!

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE WORLD'S POOR?

I'M A WHITE MIDDLE CLASS MALE PATRIARCH FIGURE... WHAT DO I CARE FOR THE POOR? HO HO HO!

BUT HARK! WHAT IS THAT MUSIC I HEAR? WE ARE POOR REFUGEES, COME TO SING OUR CAROLS TO SOFTEN YOUR CRUEL HEART.

SILENT NIGHT, SILENT NIGHT, WHAT HAPPENED TO HUMAN RIGHTS?

AWAY IN A MANGER, NO CRIB FOR A BED, NO HOMES FOR THE HOMELESS, WELL ALL SOON BE DEAD.

ENOUGH! I WILL BOMB YOUR REFUGEE CAMP WITH THE EVIL WEAPONS OF THE ARMS TRADE! BOOM! BANG!

AARRGH!! HELP!!

...AND I WILL MASSACRE ALL THE ENDANGERED REINDEER AND POLAR BEARS FOR THEIR FURY!

AAARRGH! AAARRGH!

REMEMBER... FATHER CHRISTMAS MEANS GREED, BLOOD AND DEATH!

WELL, THAT WAS VERY SUCCESSFUL.

WELL, YOU'VE SUCCESSFULLY RUINED CHRISTMAS FOR ABOUT FIFTEEN CHILDREN, YES... I HOPE YOU'RE PROUD OF YOURSELVES.

WE'RE JUST REVERSING THE BRAINWASHING PROCESS WHICH YOUNG PEOPLE ARE SUBJECTED TO THESE DAYS...

WE'VE GIVEN YOU THE REAL FATHER CHRISTMAS EXPERIENCE, FACING THE HARSH REALITIES OF LIFE FOR MILLIONS OF PEOPLE THIS WINTER...

I THINK WE SHOULD SPEND CHRISTMAS DAY FASTING AND WATCHING SOME SUITABLE DOCUMENTARIES WHICH I'VE VIDEODE...

Next day...

COME AND HAVE A LOOK IN THE GARDEN AND SEE WHAT GUIN AND I HAVE BUILT.

OH HOW IMAGINATIVE!.. THEY'VE BEEN INSPIRED BY OUR PIECE YESTERDAY...

EXPERIENCE THE HARSH REALITY OF WINTER LIFE

I AM AN OPPRESSED ELF, REPRESENTING POOR PEOPLE EVERYWHERE... YOU MUST LEAVE YOUR MONEY IN THE STARVING CHILD'S BEGGING BOWL BEFORE YOU PEER INTO THE MAGIC CHEST.

HOW POIGNANT!

YOU ARE ABOUT TO EXPERIENCE THE PAIN AND SUFFERING OF VICTIMS OF VIOLENCE...

HOW MOVING!
I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING YET...

WEEAH

WEEAH

SORTED... I JUST NEED TO NAIL THE LID DOWN... KEEP THAT MONEY HANDY GUIN... HERE'S THE DELIVERY VAN NOW.

INTERFREIGHT
WORLD WIDE
EXPRESS COURIERS

Christmas Eve...
RIGHT, WELL JUST GO ON THE, RIDE ONE MORE TIME SHALL WE? THEN WE'LL GET A FEW EXTRA GOODIES FOR TOMORROW...

SHARING THE
WANTAS' MAGIC
EXPERIENCE

COOL!
THANKS, UNCLE EDDIE!

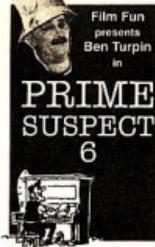
IT'S GREAT HAVING YOU TWO FOR CHRISTMAS AGAIN...

I HOPE CRESSIDA AND MALCOLM ARE ENJOYING THEIR WINTER EXPEDITION...

...HOW ON EARTH DID WE GET HERE?

ER... YOU ARE S.SURE THAT P.R. POLAR BEARS ARE P. PEACE-LOVING N. NON-AGGRESSIVE ANIMALS, AREN'T YOU?

John Farrel 36



RIGHT, GOOD MORNING EVERYONE. NOW, THERE'S BEEN A MURDER AT THE DOCKS. ANOTHER DRUGS DEAL GONE WRONG. THE MET HAVE SENT US THEIR TOP MAN, D.I. TURPIN.

HE'S JUST GONE TO GET A BIG CUSTARD PIE. ANYWAY, ALAN, YOU AND I GANK GO DOWN TO THE VICTIM'S ADDRESS AND START KNOCKING ON DOORS. FIND OUT ALL YOU CAN ABOUT HIM.

MEANWHILE, ANDY, YOU AND STEVE GO OVER TO DODGERS' OFFICE. IF THEY HAVE ANY DETAILS OF THE KID, GET 'EM. THEN GET OVER TO THE LAB FOR THE POST MORTEM.



VROOOM!

